Thou had'st bin better haue been borne a dog,
Then answere my wak'd wrath.
Iag. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doest slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorce:
On horrors head, horrors accumulate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde, greater then that.
Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a soule or sence?
God buy you, take my office, --O wretched foole,
That liuest to make thine honesty a vice;
O monstrous world, take note, take note O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
Ile loue no friend since loue breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay stay, thou should'st be honest
Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
And loses that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I thinke my wife be honest, and thinke she is not,
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not;
Ile haue some proofe: her name that was as fresh
As *Dians* visage, is now begrim'd, and blacke
As mine owne face: If there be cords, or kniues,
Poyson, or fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not endure it: would I were satisfied.
Iag. I see sir, you are eaten vp with passion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you;
You would be satisfied.
Oth. Would, nay, I will.
Iag. And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?
Would you, the supersision grossely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth.

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.
Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect, damn em then,
If euer mortall eyes did see them boulster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolues in pride, and fooles as grosse
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.
Oth. Giue me a liuing reason, that she's disloyall.
Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleepe,
There are a kind of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kind is *Cassio:*
In sleepe I heard him say. Sweet *Desdemona,*
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our loues;
And then sir would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweet creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed and then
Cried, curs'ed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monstrous, monstrous.
Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gon conclusion,
Tis a shrewd doubt tho it be but a dreame,
Iag. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,

She